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BY CAVIS & TRIMMIER.

Devoted to Southern Rights, Politics, Agriculture, and Miscellany.

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CAROLINA SPARTAN.

For the Carolina Spartan.

WHITE FAWN AND GOLDEN EAGLE. A TALE OF INDIAN LIFE.

Indian Story—both legendary and historic—which has been preserved by tradition, or created by the tasteful and happy conceptions of genius, has never ceased to interest the cultivated mind of the superior race, which occupies the wide plains and rich hunting grounds of a people now almost extinct. Even nations perish and pass away, while other nations succeed them, in the unceasing changes on the surface of our planet, like the growth, decay, and reappearance of summer vegetation. Who were the red men? To whom were they akin? Whence did they come? We know whither they depart; but what of their origin? What affinity had they with other and older nations; and with whom? Had they improved from a still ruder and lower race; or had they lapsed into barbarism from a condition of higher civilization? Are these the wandering sons of lost Israel? Who shall declare their generation? Full well we know the exodus of this strange people—their genesis must remain, for the present at least, enveloped in the mist and darkness of the unwritten past.

The literary world are indebted to the genius of Mr. George Catlin for much accurate information of Indian character and Indian customs and manners, derived from personal observation, and preserved by a skillful use of both pencil and pen; while the rich and varied fancy of Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper has added lustre and wealth to American literature in his unrivalled Indian fictions. Capt. Mayhew has gathered old fables in the same field; while Mrs. Sigourney, in one of her fugitive pieces, on Indian names, has invested the general subject with the warmth and sympathy of true poetic sentiment:

"Ye say they have all passed away,
That noble race and brave;
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave."

"That mid the forests where they roamed,
There none to hunter's shout—
But their name is on your waters—
Ye may not wash it out!"

"Ta where Ontario's hollow,
Like ocean surge is curled—
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echoes of the world!"

"Where red Missouri bringeth—
Rich tribute from the West,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast!"

"Monadnock, on his forehead hoar,
Doth seal the sacred trust—
Your mountains build their monuments,
Though ye give the winds their dust!"

About the year A. D. 1720, a young man of good family, residing in Charleston, South Carolina, became involved in a personal difficulty, and unfortunately shot an officer of rank and position in the colony; for which offence he would probably have suffered the extreme penalty of the law, had he not fled, as there was much feeling excited against him in the community. His first purpose was to retreat into the Indian country west, and remain until the popular excitement had abated, and then to return and submit to a judicial investigation of his crime. But mingling freely with some friendly tribes, he soon became enamored of the wild freedom of Indian life, and spent nearly all his after years among the tribes of Western Carolina. It was only when he was far advanced in age, and long after he had been given up as lost, that he found means and inclination to communicate once more with his family. A journal kept by young Fenmore—the Huguenot exile—which subsequently passed into the possession of his only surviving sister, has furnished the principal facts of the following tale, which have been deemed of sufficient interest, as characteristic of Indian life, in those early periods, to justify their publication; and especially so, as the actors and parties interested in, and affected by them, have long since passed away. At the period of which we write there were two large and powerful Indian tribes inhabiting contiguous portions of the more level plane country, east of the Blue Ridge mountains embracing all the upper or western part of what is now known as Spartanburg District, and a part of the eastern, or lower portion of what is now known as Greenville District,

This area is comprised, in great part, between Broad River on the north, and the Enoree on the south.

The tribe occupying the region of the Tyger river, extending to the Enoree on the south, were known as the Chenna tribe (Children of the Sun); and that spreading over the Pacolet region to Broad River, on the north, were known as the Cholesadas, or Wolf-Killers. There was no certain and well-defined boundary line to mark the distinction and extent of Chenna, and Cholesada jurisdiction. The uncertain extent of territory belonging to any particular tribe, with respect to a neighboring tribe, and the frequent depredations of the one upon the other, often led to sanguinary conflicts.

It chanced with the Chennas and Cholesadas that hostility was prolonged for a great period by a dispute as to the proprietorship of a hunting ground, lying on the south side of Lawson's Fork, immediately above what is now known as the Hickory-Nut Gap road, both tribes claiming the field by prescriptive title. This feud became hereditary, and was bequeathed from warrior sire to warrior son, on both sides; and the presence of either party on that hunting ground was the signal of battle to the other. Captives were taken on either side, but generally they never returned to their tribe, to tell the story of their captivity! This national and inveterate hatred of Chenna against Cholesada, and Cholesada against Chenna, was greatly aggravated by an event of great interest to those hostile tribes, which happened during the period of which we write. By far the most numerous, and the most warlike and powerful, of all the Carolina tribes of Indians occupied the region of the Blue Ridge mountains, west of the Chenna and Cholesada territories, extending along the line of the mountains for more than 100 miles. It was not uncommon, at that period, for the chief of one tribe to form a matrimonial alliance in the family of a neighboring chief of any tribe, with whom his people were not actually at war, and had no subsisting ground of quarrel. Ya-na-bell (signifying Thunder-Cloud) the renowned chief of the Wa-wa, or mountain tribe, had a daughter, as distinguished for beauty as her proud sire was noted for bravery, power and command. This Indian belle was called Sa-na-sa, or the Rainbow, a beautiful and poetical conception, symbolizing the glory, or splendor, of the thunder cloud; as she was the pride and ornament of her father's house.

O-ke-too-na, the chief of the Chennas, and Wa-e-ta, (Panther), the chief of the Cholesadas, had both paid their respects, not to Sa-na-sa, the daughter, but to Ya-na-bell, the great warrior, as suitors for the hand of the beautiful princess.

At last O-ke-too-na, (a name signifying a son or prophet of the Great Spirit—or favored of the gods,) as he was the wealthier suitor, and could pay larger bridal tribute to Ya-na-bell, and because he was the "father" of a greater number of braves, obtained the prize—the gift of Sa-na-sa—the Rainbow, as his bride, and returned in triumph to the Chenna domains. Fires were kindled—banquets were slain—feasts were given—songs were sung—the "great dance" indulged, in token of success and triumph over the long-hated Cholesadas. Wa-e-ta bore his failure with sullen silence, and affected indifference, but meditated deep revenge, and his tribe fully participated his feelings, on account of this new source of hatred toward the Chennas. Years passed on and away, and many were the conflicts between Chenna and Cholesada. No abatement yet ensued to the hostility between "the Children of the Sun" and the fierce Wolf-Killers. There were not a few instances in which warriors, on either side, challenged each other to single, and nearly always deadly, combat, with spear, knife, or tomahawk. In these single combats, Len-sa-bo, (Bright, or Golden Eagle), the son of Wa-e-ta, the Cholesada chief, had greatly signaled his prowess and skill in the use of weapons. He ornamented his wigwam with more than three score Chenna scalps, and he was looked to by the tribe as the future victor and ultimate conqueror of the Chenna race.

A scouting party of the Cholesadas made an incursion to the territory of the Chennas, and succeeded in capturing by stealth a small hunting party of the Chennas, among whom was La-o-o-na, (White Fawn), the daughter of O-ke-too-na, the chief. La-o-o-na was the pride of her nation, and her name was indicative of great beauty and loveliness. These captives were borne swiftly away, bound on horseback, to the nearest Cholesada settlement, where Len-sa-bo, with many warriors, was encamped near the disputed hunting ground. The place of execution was, as nearly as can now be ascertained, on the summit of the hill, half a mile north of Lawson's Fork, where that stream is crossed by the Hickory-Nut Gap road. The captives were closely confined and guarded during the night, and on the following morning were brought forth for execution in presence of the assembled

warriors. La-o-o-na was calm, unmoved, and firm as a veteran chief. The blood of O-ke-too-na and Rainbow mantled her face with scorn and defiance. Her flowing hair, black as the raven's wing, flowed loosely and beautifully to her feet. Her strange but glittering head-dress decorated her brow. Proudly she faced the scene of danger, and gazed on the green leaves and the blue sky for the last time, and awaited her hour. Len-sa-bo, the chief, was observed to be serious and taciturn. He delayed to give the death signal; and seemed, at times, strangely moved. Dark dissatisfaction began to manifest itself among the Cholesada warriors; and one of the oldest braves tauntingly inquired, "if Golden Eagle was afraid of fainting at the sight of Chenna blood!"

A glance of bitter contempt was all the reply to this marked insinuation. At length, Len-sa-bo, approaching La-o-o-na, asked if she would beg for life? "The daughter of O-ke-too-na can beg nothing of a Wolf-Killer," was the indignant reply. But, looking into the sad face of Len-sa-bo, the White Fawn discovered something more than a purpose to humiliate the Chenna captive, and seemed half to regret the stern and proud reply she had made. He turned slowly away, and gave an order. The male captives were instantly led off to death, and two fleet and spirited Indian horses were led up to Len-sa-bo. Upon one of these he seated the waiting La-o-o-na, the other he proudly mounted himself, and pointed to the south—to the Chenna country. Away they flew, and were soon lost to the view of the Cholesada warriors. What passed between the Golden Eagle and White Fawn on this journey none can tell, but all can conjecture. Conducting his captive to the neighborhood of her people, he returned to his camp. But he had suffered in the estimation of his braves. Moody and sullen, he took no pains to re-instate himself, but encountered danger more recklessly than before. And to show his disregard of peril, he went alone, armed for the chase, to the memorable hunting ground; pierced a fine deer with an arrow, dressed it, kindled a camp fire for the night; ate his venison, and slept soundly. But he had been closely observed, and ere his rest was taken, he found himself bound by his hands, and led towards the settlement of the Chennas.

Len-sa-bo cared little. He had led the Cholesadas to victorious fight—he had slain the Chenna in battle—he had taught his people to meet danger, by flood and field—he had shown them an act of noble generosity—he had purchased for himself neither renown among the Cholesadas nor mercy from the Chennas, by this noblest act of his life—he was ready to die and go to the Great Spirit, and tell the story of his deed.

He was instantly recognized in the Chenna camp by a hundred warriors who had met him in the field of deadly conflict. Each one thirsted for his life—each had a brother, friend, or comrade slain, whose shade called for atonement. He was mocked as the "sleeping brave"—as having been deserted by his people—as deserting his tribe—and in every other mode in which indignity could be shown him. Some would know if he wanted to purchase life by flight—or by a surrender of Chenna scalps—or by kneeling as a slave.

Unmoved amid all these bitter taunts, Len-sa-bo surveyed the hostile horde with majestic calmness and unaltered composure. Morning came—the last morning for Golden Eagle—and the stake was prepared—the pine faggots collected—the warriors summoned—and Len-sa-bo prepared to meet his fate. In consideration of his social distinction, as the son of a chief, he was permitted to sing the death chant, which is a recital of the principal actions and history of his life. Len-sa-bo proceeded with the chant—reciting battles—chases—and exhibitions of skill and bravery. Among other incidents he spoke of his release of La-o-o-na. Of this fact the Chennas were entirely ignorant. La-o-o-na, either from maiden modesty, or fear of censure, had never communicated this fact, except to Sa-na-sa, her mother. On the mention of the name of the White Fawn, a great sensation was produced, and her name was repeated aloud by those who heard it. This reached the wigwam of O-ke-too-na, where La-o-o-na remained. She was unconscious that the captive was no other than Golden Eagle. O-ke-too-na, enraged at such a use of the name of La-o-o-na by the Cholesada captive, rushed up with drawn tomahawk to dispatch Len-sa-bo with a single blow. A loud scream interrupted the movement, and the blow was suspended. La-o-o-na stood in the midst, and threw herself before her deliverer, crying, "Len-sa-bo, lakelsada! lakelsada!"—"Golden Eagle shall not die! He shall not die!" O-ke-too-na, yet more incensed, waved his battle-axe, and would have sacrificed both in an instant; but Sa-na-sa, his wife, caught his arm—crying "Na-na-sada!—na-na-sada!"—(Let him not die—let him not die!) The mother stood

by the daughter. Only woman knows the strength of woman's love. La-o-o-na would have perished with her deliverer—Sa-na-sa would have perished with her daughter. The Chenna chief retired, in sullen contempt and anger, to his wigwam. Soon his natural affection, and a spirit of generosity, prevailed with O-ke-too-na. He called a council of his braves, and stood up before them; and with a kingly majesty pronounced his order.

"I am," said he, "the father of my people—I am the enemy of the Wolf-Killer. I spared not in battle—I turned not from the foe. My tomahawk drank blood—I atoned for the slain of my people. But I am a father. My daughter, the White Fawn, is with you this day. She was captive to the Wolf-Killer—she might have been sacrificed—Golden Eagle saved her. Len-sa-bo slew our braves in battle—he slew the braves of the Cholesadas. Len-sa-bo was brave in battle—he proved generous in the day of his power. I cannot kill my wife and daughter. They will not take the life of Len-sa-bo. Kill me, if you will, and choose another father; but Len-sa-bo shall live." With this decision the warriors seemed satisfied, and Golden Eagle was released, and the White Fawn was given to him in presence of his people.

The destiny of Len-sa-bo was strangely changed. He knew he might not return to the Cholesadas, who would have scorned his companionship. He could not turn Chenna, and become the enemy of his race. He directed his footsteps, with La-o-o-na, his bride, toward the setting sun, where they became the progenitors of a noble race of "braves."

Once in twenty-six moons they agreed to revisit the scene where their destinies became united forever. And they agreed—the Great Spirit permitting—they would make that same site the place of their spirit abode after death.

Long after Len-sa-bo and La-o-o-na had slept in death, the Chennas reported they could hear, during the silent hours of night, when the moon rode high in heaven, the joyous beat of a fawn, and the triumphant scream of an eagle, in the thick grove immediately below the Higwaw, or Big Spring. But whether this was real, or imaginary, no one could certainly know.

The shout of the warrior is no longer heard—the fires of revenge no longer burn—the song and the dance no longer indicate the presence of battle trophies—the wigwam and the red face have together disappeared from the spot where La-o-o-na saved Len-sa-bo from death. The gentle hill still stands covered with young pines and waving grass.

The Brawto-wa still sends forth its clear and gushing waters where those thrilling incidents occurred. It has long since lost its Indian name; but has been known from time immemorial by its English equivalent—"The Big Spring." A placid lake of pure, clear water, where shoals of fish disport themselves, now covers the valley where the Chennas heard the fawn and the eagle by moonlight. A town has grown where the forest once stood, not far from the memorable hill; and a Female College now flourishes not half a mile from the scene where love proved itself stronger than death; and maidens as beautiful and good, if not as brave, as La-o-o-na, often linger around the place, and cultivate their taste, and indulge a love of nature, all unconscious that here stood, in holy affection, the brave Golden Eagle and the beautiful White Fawn.

SPARTANBURG, June, 1857.

DIRECTIONS VS. BROADCAST SEEDING.—Having noticed a number of different opinions in regard to drilling and broadcasting, I am willing to give my experience on this subject. I purchased, in company with a neighbor, a drill of J. M. Harvey and Son's manufacture, Amsterdam, N. Y. (J. P. Ross's patent). In the spring of 1855, the first sowing was a piece of spring wheat. Not knowing anything about the drilling system, I sowed part with the drill and part broadcast in the same field and in the same day. That put in with a drill was more than a quarter better than that sown broadcast, both in straw and grain. I tried my oats in the same manner; they were as better where they were drilled. I have sowed all my grain since with the drill, being satisfied that it is the only proper method of putting grain into the ground. My neighbor, in sowing his buckwheat, had part sown with the drill and part broadcast, and when harvested, the drilled was about half better; it was all well filled, while the broadcast was hardly filled—both put in the same day and in the same field.

I think it is better on other accounts than broadcasting. It saves a quarter of the seed; besides it cultivates the land, and leaves it in good condition for the crops better than can be done with the harrow. The grain is all put in at an even depth in the soil, and I am satisfied that it is a paying machine.

I also have a threshing and mowing, and I think they are good machines; but my drill pays me the most of any. It takes less time and seed, and betters the crop, and in dry seasons they are indispensable. Knowing what I do about the drill, I think farmers cannot afford to sow broadcast if they can obtain a drill. I would like to have others give their experience on the same subject.—Spartan Farmer.

From the Charleston Mercury.

The Dred Scott Case.

MESSRS. EDITORS: This case having excited so much attention, both from its importance and novelty, it may not be altogether uninteresting to know that one of the points mooted by it, and also novel to us, was settled "of old," ("antiquitus," by the Roman Law, viz: if the slave of a Roman passed into the territory of a people by whose laws he ceased to be the slave of the Roman, and then again returned either to Rome or any State allied with her, his master's right to him (and, if a female, to her issue) immediately revived, and was, in fact, considered as never suspended.

This was by the *Jus Postliminii*, which, in the few remarks we shall here make, we shall not attempt to discuss fully. This would be not only unnecessary, but beyond the scope of our purpose, as we merely wish briefly to indicate the strong, and perhaps curious coincidence, between the Dred Scott case decision and the Roman Law. Intending, therefore, to confine ourselves strictly to the case of slaves under this Law, we shall at once give our authority for applying it to them. It is as follows: "*Postliminium omnibus hominibus est, cunctisque sexus conditionis ve sint, nec interest liberi an servi sint.*" "All men, whether bond or free, enjoy the law of *Postliminium*."—Fr. 19, 10 de capt. et de Postl. (49, 15) cf; also fr. 12 7—14; fr. 19, 5, 6, and fr. 30, h. t.

"*Postliminium*," says Paulus, "is the law by which we recover from a foreign state a thing lost, and of restoring it to its pristine condition." ("*Postliminium est jus amissæ rei recipiendæ ab extraneo et in statum pristinum restituendæ.*")—Fr. 19 pr. h. t.

From this it follows that a slave, which was lost to his Roman owner, by coming into the possession of some foreign people, and then again recovered from them, was restored to his former state, i. e. became again the slave of his quondam owner.

Modern writers upon international law fully admit that this *jus postliminii* forms a part of it, but would seem to limit it to times of war. However, though this is the very natural result of the great change which has taken place in the intercourse between foreign nations, and though we freely admit that, now-a-days, the chief and almost only practical use of this law is in times of war, still this restriction finds no justification either in Roman law, or in the earlier writers.

International law—the *jus inter gentes*, among the Romans, if such it may be called—consisted in denying to a stranger, when on foreign soil, all rights whatsoever, save such as were expressly granted to him by treaty, or some other formal agreement. Hence if a Roman citizen went into a country not bound to Rome by some treaty, &c., not only did all that he had with him become the property of whoever chose to seize it, but he himself became the slave of his captor. And so firmly was this established as a principle of their law, that we doubt much if the Romans ever re-declared their citizen in such a case.—Fr. 5, 2, h. t.

But as time rolled on, and commerce became a necessity, the Romans formed treaties with almost all the world; and hence there was but little necessity for this law, save in time of war, when the treaty, &c., having been solemnly declared by the *Ædiles* broken, and the Romans absolved from its observance, everything relapsed into the old state, and the hostile stranger was deprived of all protection. And this is the reason, perhaps, why, even in the Digests, this law is mentioned chiefly in connexion either with war or with the Parthians and Germans, with whom alone of the then known world, the Romans probably had generally no treaty, &c.

Again: when Christianity had abolished, to a great extent, ancient barbarities, and by teaching that there was but one God for all mankind, and not local, separate and independent gods for each country, with power confined to its limits, had given to the world a great centre point of union—thus laying the foundation for an altogether different law of intercourse between nations—this law of *postliminium* was still less needed than before—in fact, even less now in time of war than anciently in peace. For, instead of being now the prey of any one who may seize him, even the hostile stranger is, in any of the nations of Christendom, (between whom alone, strictly speaking, international law obtains,) safe from personal servitude, and from being despoiled of his property.

And it is not a little curious, as marking the change in the law, to notice the difference with which successive writers on the law of nations have treated this subject.

Grotius (*de jure belli et pacis*, lib. III, cap. 9) discusses fully the doctrine as laid down by the Roman law, as obtaining both in peace and war; and giving its application to land only a slight prominence, concludes with these words:

"But in our times, not only among Christians, but also amongst most Mahomedans, has the right to make captives, except in war, and with it the *jus postliminii* also ceased; the necessity for both being removed by the restored power of the relationship which nature has willed should exist among men. But this ancient law of nations may yet be required, if we ever have to deal with a nation so barbarous as should, without any notice or cause, treat as enemies all foreigners and their property."

And Vattel (*Le Droit des Gens*, liv. III, chap. 14, 204) in his definition of it, confines it expressly to times of war: ("*Less personnes lesloees priees par l'ennemi.*") and while affirming (209) that *naturally* all things are capable of being recovered by it, restricts it in fact to real estate only.

And Wheaton (*Elements of Droit International*, IV partie, chap. 2, 17) going still further, seems to restrict its *practical* importance to the government land, alienated by the enemy when occupying it, to which no title is good until expressly confirmed by a treaty; as if then it is liable, *jus postliminii*, to recur to its original owner, the State.

But such was not the case in the Roman Law; and as it is borrowed from this source, it is there that its full scope and meaning should be sought.

There it is applied not only to land, but also to certain "res mobiles," slaves, dogs and was used as a protection not only in war, but also in peace, whenever any nation did not respect the Roman's property within its limits. This is so important a proposition, that we must give in full the chief authorities for it.

"The law of *postliminium* prevails either in war or peace." (*postliminii jus competit aut in bello aut in pace.*)—Fr. 5, pr. h. t. "In peace the *postliminium* is also given, for if we have neither friendship nor hospitality, nor a treaty made to establish friendship with any nation, even though not hostile to us, still, whatever of ours comes into their possession becomes theirs; and the same is the case with whatever of theirs comes to us."

And again, when stating that there was no *jus postliminii* between the Romans and their allies, the question is asked: "For what is the need of the Law of *Postliminium* between us and them, since they retain, on our soil, both their liberty and the dominion over their property, as fully as if on their own; and since the same is true of us when with them?"

"Whatever we lose in war, or even without war, if we recover it again, we are said to regain it by the Law of *Postliminium*." Compare, also, section 3 of this fragment, which states that a person was deemed to be entitled to the benefit of the Law of *Postliminium* (*postliminio redire*) as soon as he crossed the bounds of an allied nation, "because he was, for the first time, safe there by the public authority."

From a careful perusal of the above, it is not apparent that this law applied to all those countries within whose limits the Roman was not safe by the public authority. ("*publico nomine tutus*"), and where he did not retain "the dominion over his property" (*dominium rerum suarum*); and that these two circumstances really determined its application!

Having thus presented a brief outline of the *jus postliminii* in its application to slaves, and having shown that, though its practical importance has greatly diminished, it is still fully recognised as a part of the law of nations of the present day, may not the Southern States fairly claim that the occasion—different, it is true, from that which Grotius, really contemplating the case of the Algerine pirates, foretold—has arisen, and the time come when it should be revived? The Northern, and most, if not all, of the European States, refuse to recognise and protect within their limits our property in slaves. There, we are no longer in this regard "safe by the public authority,"—no longer retain "the dominion over our property." With them we have no treaty assuring us of our rights; and international law must decide every question arising among nations, (and consequently between the States of this Union,) which has not been settled by treaty.

These remarks recall to us one of the most remarkable coincidences between ancient and modern times. The law we have just described existed among the Romans probably from the very foundation of their city, and perhaps earlier. Certainly it was of such antiquity that even in Cicero's time its origin had become doubtful. Times change, and the law is either forgotten or recollected only as one of the curious relics of the past. Century after century rolls on, and the times changing once again, the question recurs—not in Italy, however, but in England; not in the metropolis of Heathendom, but in that of Christendom. The mightiest nation of antiquity is to be measured in legal knowledge with the mightiest race of modern times; the one whose laws have been termed its "most magnificent production"—"more magnificent" than its conquest of the world; the other, still engaged in forming its systems, but one which we believe will, when fully developed by Anglo-Saxon enterprise and knowledge, as far excel that of Rome as the commerce of the former race excels that of the latter State, and as much as Christianity can raise human nature above the precepts of Heathendom. Not Scævola, nor Rufus, nor Labo, nor Sabius, nor Proculus, nor the united voices of Papinianus, Ulpianus, Gaius, Paulus and Modestinus were called from their closets to answer a question studied and elaborated for centuries; but a single modern judge, in the heat and excitement of a warm dispute, was to decide, almost on the spur of the moment, a new and important case. And apparently without any assistance from this ancient law, without a reference to it, but complaining that the case had been but indifferently argued, Lord Stowell decides, in 1827, in the case of the slave Grace, (2 Hagg. p. 94) exactly in accordance with the law of his mighty predecessors; and when desirous of having his opinion confirmed, he sends it for comment to another distinguished Anglo-Saxon Jurist—Justice Story—he finds it fully confirmed. Can any law claim higher or human sanction?

Mr. Justice McLean, in his dissenting opinion in the Dred Scott case, relies, *inter alia*, upon international law as a part of the common law of Missouri, to prove that Dred, having gone into Illinois, became free, and that "once free for an hour (he was) forever free," and did not become a slave again by his return to Missouri. And Mr. Justice Curtis repeats the idea in his dissenting opinion. They evidently consider it one of their strong points, and cite several decisions from different Southern States in support of it. It not being our purpose at all to criticize these decisions, we have not examined them; but unless based on some particular State law, we may safely venture the prediction that, after attention has been so strongly called by this case to the opinions of Lord Stowell and Justice Story, and after Mr. Justice Nelson's lucid and able opinion on the subject, there will not be many more such south of Mason and Dixon's line. Be that as it may, however, as these dissenting opinions chiefly

rely on international law, so they may be easily answered by the international *jus postliminii*, and by the great authority of Lord Stowell and Justice Story.

The Arctic Regions.

Bayard Taylor has returned to Stockholm from his Northern trip, and in a letter to the Tribune, dated February 16, thus sums up the relative pleasure of travel in the Arctic and in tropical zones:

"It was precisely two months after our departure in December and in that time we had performed a journey of 2,200 miles, 250 of which were by reindeer, and nearly 500 inside of the Arctic Circle. Our frozen noses had peeled off, and the new skin showed no signs of the damage they had sustained—so that we had come out of the light not only without a scar, but with a marked increase of robust vitality."

"I must confess, however, that, interesting as the journey has been, and happily as we have endured its exposure, I should not wish to make it again. It is well to see the North, even after the South; but, as there is no one who visits the tropics without longing ever after to return again, so, I imagine, there is no one who, having seen a winter inside the Arctic Circle, would ever wish to see another. In spite of the warm, gorgeous, and ever-changing play of color hovering over the path of the unseen sun—in spite of the dazzling auroral dances and the magical transfiguration of the forests—the absence of true daylight, and of all signs of warmth and life, exercise at last a depressing influence on the spirits. The snow, so beautiful while the sunrise-setting illumination lasts, wears a ghastly monotony at all other times, and the air, so exhilarating, even at the lowest temperature, becomes an enemy to be kept out when you know his terrible power to benumb and destroy."

"To the native of a warmer zone this presence of an unseen destructive force in nature weighs like a night-mare upon the mind. The inhabitants of the North, also, seem to undergo a species of hibernation as well as the animals. Nearly half their time is passed in sleep; they are silent in comparison with the natives of the other parts of the world; there is little exuberant gaiety and cheerfulness, but patience, indifference, apathy almost. Aspects of nature which appear to be hostile to man often develop and bring into play his best energies, but there are others which depress and paralyze his powers. I am convinced that the extreme North, like the tropics, is unfavorable to the best mental and physical condition of the human race. The proper zone of man lies between 30 and 35 deg. north."

"To one who has not an unusual capacity to enjoy the experiences of varied travel, I should not recommend such a journey. With me the realization of a long-cherished desire, the sense of novelty, the opportunity for contrasting extremes, and the interest with which the people inspired me, far outweighed all inconveniences and privations. In fact, I was not fully aware of the gloom and cold in which I had lived until we returned far enough southward to enjoy eight hours of sunshine and a temperature above the freezing point. It was a second birth into a living world. Although we had experienced little positive suffering from the intense cold, except on the return from Muoniovora to Haparanda, our bodies had already accommodated themselves to a low temperature, and the sudden transition to 30 deg. above zero came upon us like the warmth of June."

"My friend, Dr. Kane, once described to me the comfort he felt when the mercury rose to 7 deg. below zero, making it pleasant to be on deck. The circumstance was then inconceivable to me, but is now quite plain. I can also realize the terrible sufferings of himself and his men, exposed to a storm in a temperature of 47 deg., when the same degree of cold, with a very light wind, turned my own blood to ice."

"Most of our physical sensations are relative, and the mere enumeration of so many degrees of heat or cold gives no idea of their effect upon the system. I should have frozen at home last winter at a temperature which I found very comfortable in Lapland, with my solid diet of meat and butter, and my garments of reindeer. The following is a correct scale of the physical effect of cold, calculated for the latitude of 65 deg. to 70 deg. north:

"15 deg. above zero—unpleasantly warm.
"Zero—mild and agreeable.
"10 deg. below zero—pleasantly fresh and bracing."

"20 deg. below zero—sharp, but not severely cold. Keep your fingers and toes in motion, and rub your nose occasionally."

"30 deg. below zero—very cold; take particular care of your nose and extremities; eat the fattest food, and plenty of it."

"40 deg. below—intensely cold; keep awake at all hazards, muffle up to the eyes, and test your circulation frequently, that it may not stop somewhere before you know it."

"50 deg. below—a struggle for life."

THE VERBENA.—Verbena may be planted out in beds or mazes, in all their various colors. This is a method now in universal use, and by which the most gorgeous and beautiful effects are produced. The beds are generally cut out of the soil, in the flower garden or lawn, of figures to suit the fancy, and each bed filled with plants of one color, which, as they grow, are to be pegged close to the ground, and not permitted to bloom, but nipped back frequently, until the bed is completely covered. A watering with weak liquid manure, or with soap suds, will greatly assist in the brilliant effect produced, and great care is necessary to keep up a uniform and symmetrical growth of the plants. Ladies, who cultivate the verbenas in the house, will find it essential to secure an equable temperature, with abundance of light and air, especially during the winter, for the plant is impatient of cold, and is injured by a few degrees of frost. For the purpose of decoration, in little city lots, the verbenas are peculiarly adapted, as its growth is quite rapid, and its profusion of dazzling clusters of flowers renders it beautifully ornamental.—Porter's Spirit.